
MONEY WANTED

F. K. FULTON—Business office, 219
F. Ave. NW. Established in 1870.
Money loaned on watches, diamonds, jewelry,
silvers, etc. at 10% per month. Also
watches, jewelry, and silverware. m20-26

MONEY to loan on bonds, stocks, trusts,
etc. at 10% per month. Also life and old
line life insurance policies on delay.
ECKER & RABER,
40 & 42 Metropolitan Bldg.

MONEY TO LOAN—In large sums,
or as low as \$1,000, at 5 and 6 per
cent. Also on bonds, stocks, etc. at
\$750, etc. at 4 per cent. WM. H. WATSON,
1000 15th St. NW. m12-14

MONEY TO LOAN—All kinds of
real estate loans made with promptness
at current rates. THE M'CLACHLIN REAL
ESTATE CO. 1000 15th St. NW. m12-14

WANTED—The loan of \$5,000 on first-
class property; no agents. m12-14

MONEY TO LOAN
real estate loans

current rates. **THE McCLACHLEN REAL ESTATE CO.** 1215 S. 10th and G streets sw. m9-5

WANTED. The loan of \$8,000 on first-class business property; no agency. 19th st. a. m12-2

MONEY to loan at 5 and 6 per cent. on District of Columbia realty; no delay if secured. **WALTER H. COOK, 704 14th sw.** 731-5

LOST.

LOST—\$250 reward; on Saturday, a black shopping bag containing about \$30 in money and a number of jewelry items above reward will be paid for its return if returned to the person asked. Address: L. C. Times office. no6-11

LOST—A mink from 7th st. sw. to 7th and Caw. to 10th and Caw. Reward if returned to S. BACKENHUS, 1800-31st m-3

\$2,600 will satisfy these infernal creditors for the present—and I'll plank it on The Sunner. Thirty to one are good paying odds. Fifteen thousand dollars to

half the stake will n
balance of my debts

to hold over the rest to the governor." "Obviously enough, he had a communication from Gov. Lathrop himself, advising him to have a special session of the board. When this letter arrived Tom had already got his \$500 on. He at once increased it to \$1,000."

Such advice from that pre-eminent judge made Tom more than ever sanguine, and he went into the schools for honor moola with a light heart—with a light and blithe smile.

The papers, one and all completely stamped him, but this caused him no distress. Other teachers, however, in the gloomiest looks as they sat and watched their fellows round them scratching their heads, and wondering why Tom's face was the merriest in the schools.

The schools, however, did annoy Tom in one respect. They precluded all possibility of his going to the fair. He had to witness the race, for his last paper was on the very afternoon of the eventful day. The papers, of course, were Latin verses.

When he came home he found a little crowd of friends waiting for him in the little

held a telegram in
thrust into Tom's

"There, you lucky beggar!" with a look
Tom did look at it. He could hardly be-
lieve his eyes. He pulled off his glove. Then he
saw the diamond. "That's mine!" Then he
seized Villaforte by the shoulders. "You
insisted on his dancing a polka with me,
then and there, upon the pavement."
"What?" asked Villaforte, looking at Tom.
"My boy," said his lordship the bishop as
he and his son sat over their wine at the
table, "while a week later, 'I hope it
means that you are a miser!'"
"Gumph—rather maddening, I'm afraid,
father. But, I say, I have had a stroke of
luck. I've just heard and seen my mind
listening. I should like to tell you about it."
"What sort of luck?" inquired the
bishop.
"The matter of money. The fact is
father, I've come in for a goodish sum-
upward of \$20,000, in fact—and, as I un-
derstand, you've been badly hit over
those Australasian notes. I've got
—well—I mean—the offer is very much
to your disposal, father."
The bishop sat up, forward and held out
his hand to his son. "For what?"

"My lad, I cannot

"It is quite true," said his lordship, answering Tom's look. "In my unregenerate days I was a very good friend of Levi. He is one of the shrewdest men I know. I have often consulted him about my affairs, and he has always advised me well, except once, and that was when I recommended my putting money into that New South Wales bank, which, as you know, has failed. I went into liquidation. I've dropped \$50,000 into liquidation. I was a lucky fellow."

"Wait a minute," cried Tom, "I—"

"Father took my less thoroughly to heart. He said it was all his fault, and he would like to make it up to me in some way," said his lordship, smiling, and told me that he had taken the liberty of investing \$3,500, on my account, in a

"He didn't tell me

was as if it had turned up trumps, and then I learned that he had bought me a half interest in a "horse-bus, Tom, for a ringer" for \$2,500, and that I was to own upon the call the chances in the Lincolnshire at 30 to 1. So you see, Tom, I am \$30,000 richer by the transaction, I am now half interest in the "Simmer," which is now a valuable possession. There! What do you think of that?"

"Yes, father," answered the bishop, meaningly, "that I have not mentioned this to a soul—not even your mother. It wouldn't do, that people should know the secret of this. By the way, in—is the Simmer entered for the city and Suburban, Tom?"

"Yes, father. And Latterday says that the city is a grand success, and will win."

"Of course," my lad, I cannot retain any interest in the colt. My clutches make that impossible. I must wash my hands of the matter before the Episcopate meets."

"The Episcop meeting is in April," answered Tom.

"Ah," said his father, reflectively, "I wish, under the circumstances, that I

not do anything in
Truth.

The Stag and the Lion.

A stag saw his shadow reflected in the water, and grew angry at the sight of his horns, but felt angry with himself for having such weak feet. While he was thus contemplating himself a lion, which had rested from a circus, appeared at his pond. The stag got a hurry-up on himself and kept with ease at a safe distance from the lion, until he saw that he was not in his element, and then he came entangled. The lion came quickly upon him, and, after remarking that beef was very high and that he really preferred mutton, he sprang upon him and caught him by the neck of his mane, and gave him a slight pinch off the stag's shoulder. When it was too late the stag reproached himself: "Woe is me! These feet, which I despised, have now saved me, but I was stuck on my antlers, which are now up a tree."

Moral.—Too many horses always get a lion into trouble—except on Sunday, when it is really an effort to get even a little horse.—Truth.

That Circus Number.

"Look yere, young gentleman with the

to the tramp who was stealthily approaching the vicinity of the free-lunch counter, "if you're at all superstitious, I'd have you know that you're the thirteenth man who has worked that free lunch to-day."

"Well, I guess thirteen is dead unlucky," replied the itinerant; "No. 12 seems to have got the last of it." — *Yonkers Statesman.*

♦ • ♦

Wolf, Wolf!

My wife smelt fire for twenty years.
Each night when she awoke;
But when at last we had one, did
Not even smell the smoke. — *Judge.*